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THE New-Years-GIFT:

BEING A

PARAPHRASE

ON A

FABLE

IN

ÆSOP:

TO HIS

HONOURED FRIEND

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CXVI.

THE New-Years-GIFT:

BEING A PARAPHRASE ON A Fable in ÆSOP, &c.

IN Times when *Brutes* cou'd well expreſs their Mind,
And *Froggs* did *Commonwealths* a Burden find,
They jointly did *Petition* Greateſt *Jove*,
To ſend them down a *Ruler* from above;
This *Ruler* muſt be *KING*. For weary quite
With their *Inteſtine* Jealouſies, and Spite,
They *One* deſir'd, to whom they *All* might ſtand,
And pay Obedience to his *Juſt* Command.

"*WE* thy poor Creatures bred in *Watery Mud*,
" And *nothing* equal *dread* unto a Flood;
" Of nothing under thy Great *Seat* more fond,
" Than to preſerve our *great* and *famous* Pond:
" Weary'd with Fears and Jealouſies at *home*,
" And fearful what from *other parts* may come,
" Our Envy, Diſcontent, and Fears to heal,
" Do frankly now reſign our *Commonweal*;
" Beſeech *Thy Majeſty* to ſend that Thing
" So Sacred, called *Thine Anointed King*:
" That under *Thy* Vice-gerents *Godly* Pow'r,
" We may both *Him* Obey, and *Thee* Adore.

JOVE nodded; and no ſooner heard a *KING*,
But ſent down *preſently* one on the Wing;
Who ſwiftly to his *New-Born-Empire* flew,
And had *Allegiance* from the Watery Crew;
But in ſhort time, this *Stately Thing* thought good,
Inſtead of *Ruling well*, to *make 'em Food*,
Bit 'em, and prick'd 'em, with *Prerogative* Bill,
And ſorely *Wounded* thoſe he did not *Kill*.
Weary of *Him*, they then *again* do fly,
To the *Almighty* Aid of the moſt *High*.

" *Behold*, we at the *Footſtool* of thy *Throne*
" *Again* lye proſtrate, *here* to make our moan!
" [illegible] did deſire

" One that *devoures* his Subjects, *Head-ſtrong*, Fierce,
" Doth with his *Bill* our *lanker* Bodies pierce;
" He never *Dines*, or ſcarce will ever *Sup*,
" But one or other of us *He* eats up;
" *We* now beſeech for *One* of Temper mild,
" Rather than *Tyrant*, ſend us down a *Child*,
" Whom we may *Tutor*, till his *Age* ſhall be
" Beyond the *Age* of a *Minority*.

JOVE heard, and ſtrait *diſpatcht* unto the Crowd
A *KING*, whoſe *Vertuous mind* might make 'em proud
Of Temper *mild*, and of a *gentle* Soul,
That knew not how, or *wou'd* not them controul.
He made a hideous noiſe at the *firſt* fall,
And, with his *Heavy Preſence*, daſht 'em all,
Until the *Watery Smile*, that *after* came,
Made up the Breach, and *mended* much the ſame.
At length they gather heart, and, as if lame,
They *hopping* to their *New-rais'd-Soveraign* came,
Admir'd his *Gravity*, and gentle mind,
And for the *preſent Time* no fault cou'd find;
Blinded with the *Severities* before
Had gall'd their *Souls*, and made their *Bodies* ſore.

Thus, *dazled* with the *luſtre* of the Ray
That makes the brighteſt *Shine* of Summers day,
The *Eye* returns into the *Houſe* half blind,
And ſees no more *before* it, than *behind*;
The *Mighty* Beam obſtructs the organ ſo,
It nothing more, or leſs, can ſee, or know.
But, once *too much* brings but a *ſeeming* Night,
It only *Snuffs*, and not *puts out* the light.

At laſt, perceiving that he did not *move*,
The *wiſer* Froggs ſomewhat *withdrew* their love;
Suſpect his *Gravity* was ſomething more,
Than what they had ſome thoughts of heretofore.
Some held it fit to make *approach* more near,
Others ſaid plain, *This King we do not fear*;
And *ſome* to hop upon *him* did aſſay,
But under *that*, and *croaking*, ſtill *he* lay.

Then they *again* th' *Almighty Jove* addreſs;
" The *King* before, *they ſaid*, we muſt confeſs,
" Was *more* than King, and *this* we find is *leſs*.
" *Rouze* him from off *his* ſlumber by *thy* call,
" *A Drowzy Prince is next to none at all*:
" Vouchſafe the *Spirit of Ruling* to reveal,
" Or give him *Grace* to love a *Commonweal*!

MORAL.

Good God! How various is the *mind* of *Mob*?
This day *Hoſannah*, and the next a *Bob*.

On the New Year 1690.

WElcom, ſweet *Janus*! With thy *double face*,
A *Janus* different from the *Romiſh* Race;
And tho' thy *Temple* now does *open* ſtand,
To *ſhut* it up a *Saviour* may Command;
Peace may ſit on the fierce *Bellona's* ſeat,
And make *this year*, in all reſpects, *Compleat*.
Welcom, *two Faces*! Looking both *that* way
No *Janus* ever did, before *this* day.